

# THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



MARCH 1938

NEW KYOTO  
MISSION NUMBER

"I could a tail  
unfold -"



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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America Inc. (legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, and to assist them in their labors in the mission fields assigned to the Society by the Holy See, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

## The Maryknoll Sisters

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—S. Yatsui—N.Y.K. Line

### Sand Man

**G**OD made the world and wrote His thoughts in silvered, golden sand;  
Into its alchemy He breathed and traced out with His hand  
Birds and beasts and trees and flowers, all things small and grand—  
And then carved out His love, a child playing on time's strand.

—MARIE FISCHER





## ***Father Gerard A. Donovan, Maryknoll Missioner***

**Born in Pittsburgh, Penna., October 14, 1904. Found slain by bandits in Manchukuo, February 11, 1938.**

**T**HE tragic story has come over the wires from Manchukuo. Father Gerard A. Donovan, whose kidnapping by bandits last October 5 we have reported and commented on for several months, has been found slain. Maryknoll was apprised of the sad fact on February 11, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Father Gerard is the youngest of three brothers who became Maryknoll priests. Father Joseph S. is stationed here at the Maryknoll Center, while

Father Thomas R. is a missioner in Kaying, South China.

Father Gerard, born in Pittsburgh, Penna., October 14, 1904, came to Maryknoll as a boy from St. Peter's Parochial School in McKeesport, to which city his family had moved. A slightly-built, wiry, agile youngster, *Gerry* soon became one of the most engaging of the boys at Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna. Those who taught him in the early years recall his pranks, his boisterousness, his wholesome joyousness. He continued thus during his years at the seminary and was ordained

on June 17, 1928. Intelligent and hard working, he was sent to the Catholic University at Washington and there secured the degrees of Bachelor of Sacred Theology and Bachelor of Canon Law. He was retained for three years as professor at Maryknoll College, and on July 29, 1931 went overseas.

In Manchukuo Father Gerard's assignment was first Hsin Pin and then the isolated village of Linkiang. Everywhere his happy spirit remained with him. We find him, for instance, describing his Christmas at Hsin Pin in

1934: "The hushed, expectant Christians, the straw-thatched crib, the snowy white lincens of the altar, and the red-cassocked, slant-eyed altar boys, all these were a perfect setting for the Midnight Mass of my boyhood dreams. I would not trade it all for the most gorgeous cathedral in Christendom."

Linkiang is the most remote of Maryknoll's Manchukuan stations, and Father Gerard was chosen for it because he had proven that he could carry a heavy load. He had long rides on mule-back through pioneer country.

"Meng-Kiang lies just a hundred miles northwest of Linkiang," he writes of one trip. "A hundred miles would

to have troubled you. Go on your way.' If bandits are all as courteous as those I have met so far, there is little thrill in meeting them. If they are not—well, I leave that in God's hands."

This last sentence now seems prophetic.

In September, 1937, Father Gerard was moved to the center of the Prefecture of Fushun, to a suburb of the large city of Fushun, called Hopei. We have told the story of the evening of October 5. Benediction was in progress with Father James Rottner, a new arrival from Cincinnati, O., presiding. Father Donovan knelt in the sanctuary.



A happy hour at Maryknoll College in 1918. Left to right: Austin Hannon, now a missionary in Manila; Francis Bridge, who died in 1934 after mission labors in Manchukuo; William Schulz, now a missionary in South China; Gerard Donovan at the age of fourteen.

not be so far in the States, but my mule's speed limit is forty miles a day. Besides he is liable to burn out a bearing....All told, I was away sixteen days."

Linkiang was classic bandit country, and during his years there he encountered the outlaws. They came to know him, and they left him unmolested.

"Only on the last day were we halted by bandits," he wrote of a trip in 1935. "As we passed an inn at a dangerous spot, I heard someone calling across the hill. I figured it was a warning of our approach and was not surprised to see a bandit come loping down the hill, rifle in hand. I halted my mule and told him who I was, but he said that made no difference to him. He motioned me to ride up a gully, and there we met the leader. When I suggested that he search me, he said, 'No. Sorry

A stranger wandered from the sacristy into the sanctuary, apparently seeking someone and not knowing how to find him. Father Donovan took him by the arm and led him back to the sacristy. This was evidently what the stranger desired, since once there he drew a gun. Exit through the back way was easy. Before the stunned congregation could collect its wits, Father Donovan and an altar boy who was in the sacristy had been hustled off into the hills.

An alarm was given, and during the succeeding months both Japanese and Manchukuan troops made efforts to locate the band. At one time an actual skirmish took place, in which several bandits were shot, including one who had in his pocket a message which Monsignor Lane had sent to the outlaws.

Some two weeks after the capture,

Francis Liu, the fourteen-year-old boy taken with Father Donovan, was released and brought a request for \$50,000 in local money (about \$14,500 U.S.) as ransom. This boy was the last friend to see Father Donovan, and his recollections make interesting reading.

"Out on the hill they bound both of us," Francis told a Maryknoller in Fushun, "and then moved along rapidly. We traveled all that night and for the next ten nights, sleeping in the hills during the day. Afterwards we remained in a sort of shelter, with roof but no walls. We covered ourselves with grass at night, and we all suffered from the cold, but Father and I suffered from swollen feet as well.

"The men made Father give his trousers to one of them, and they gave him two pairs of Chinese cotton trousers in return. They also gave him a pair of native shoes with rubber soles and heels and black cloth tops. Father found it difficult to eat the sorghum, so they bought flour and made a soup of it. The bandits paid for what they took, when I was with them. For instance, when a farmer approached with a pair of shoes, they exchanged them for a worn pair and paid the difference.

"They threatened Father with death, but he only said, 'Do as you please, but the Church has no money for ransom.' Father was slim and tired when last I saw him, but in good spirits.

"Indeed, he was always in good spirits. We talked a great deal during those two weeks, and he was always trying to give me courage. I was terribly frightened, so much so that I trembled for days after I was freed. I used to cry and he would smile at me and say, 'Now don't worry. There's nothing to be afraid of. They'll let you go home soon. Pray hard. Be brave.'"

After those first few weeks of excitement, silence. Evidently the bandits became convinced that there was no hope of ransom, for Monsignor Lane was required by instructions from the Holy See as well as by the dictates of good sense to make this clear. Probably fear likewise played a role in driving the outlaws into complete hiding, for they had unpleasant proof that they were being pursued.

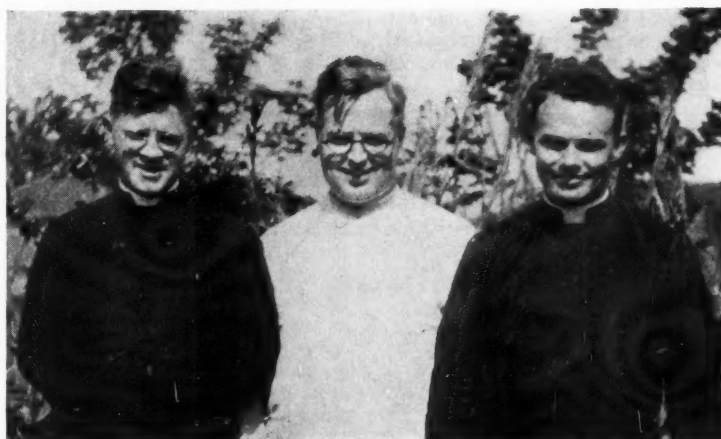
There is no reason for great surprise, therefore, in the news which reached Maryknoll on February 11, or the subsequent details. The bandits took their victim's life and left his body for the chance discovery of passersby near

Huaijen, not far from T'ung Hua, from which station Father Clarence Burns had been captured in 1936 and held nine months.

We can only surmise what sufferings Father Donovan underwent, from the condition of his remains when found. The United States Consulate General at Mukden was graciously offered a plane by the Japanese authorities, and with our Father Thomas Quirk of Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Ludden of the Consulate General flew to Huaijen. The official report to the Department of State in Washington is eloquent in its cryptic formality. We give it in part:

"Ludden and Father Thomas Quirk of Catholic Church . . . report positive identification of the body discovered by the military authorities as that of Gerard Donovan. Difficult to determine exact time of death, but it is believed Father Donovan died at least one week before discovery of his remains. Emaciated condition of the scantily clad body indicates extreme hardship suffered during captivity; body partially eaten by wolves. Military authorities state that there are no gunshot wounds and attribute death to strangulation."

A Japanese military truck arrived in



Above: Father Gerard Donovan (left) arrives at his first mission in Manchukuo. Father Albert Murphy is in the center and Father John Comber on the right.

Below: Father Gerard Donovan in Seattle, 1931, just before sailing for Manchukuo.

Fushun Monday evening, February 14, bearing the pitiful remains. A Solemn Mass of Requiem took place there on Wednesday morning at 10.45.

Interment was not permanent, for after such an exceptional end, we have decided on an exception to the regulation to which all Maryknollers hold strongly, namely, that they be buried where they fall. It is planned to bring the remains of Father Gerard Donovan, our first Knoller to meet a violent death, back to Maryknoll for burial.

The day after the press carried the news of the slaying, a university gradu-

ate visited Maryknoll. "I have long contemplated being a missionary," he said, "but could not decide. Yesterday when I read of Father Donovan's sacrifice the light came to me immediately. 'That's what God wants of me,' I found myself saying. May I ask you, please, to accept me as a candidate?"

Thus, Father Donovan, his day in Manchukuo ended, begins a new day, a day of precious service to the missions and Maryknoll. God lifts him up before us all as a sign and a challenge, that his smile and his suffering may prompt us to be generous and to be gaily selfless in our generosity.



## Bishop Walsh's Eulogy

Delivered at the Pontifical Requiem Mass at Maryknoll, N. Y.,  
February 12, 1938

"UNLESS the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal."—*St. John xii, 24.*

This text is the one that our late Father General would doubtless have chosen if he had been called upon to say farewell to his fallen missionary on earth, instead of being privileged, as he is, to say welcome to him in heaven. He loved this text, for it expressed one of the principles that he wanted to in-

corporate as a rock in his foundation of Maryknoll, and he loved to repeat it to his priestly sons whom he was forming to send to the missions. He foresaw this day when the grain of wheat would fall into the ground and die, and he made full allowance for it in his plans. He did not encourage the fanciful piety of picturing ourselves as martyrs, but he did instill the light-hearted courage that would prepare us to be martyrs. In the wisdom of the founder, he was insisting quietly but always on that principle of sacrifice that runs down deep through the building of



Maryknoll, and must run through any building that proposes to do a serious work for Christ. "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We are in this work to bring forth fruit at any cost. So we must be prepared for the complete and final sacrifice as represented in the case of Father Gerard Donovan, for whom we are praying today.

In the case of Father Donovan, we have been anxious, and his own priestly brother was quite anxious—not at all from the point of view of spiritual acceptance, but simply from the uncertainty of the suspense. Father Joseph therefore recently made a special novena to the Blessed Mother and Father Price, asking them to bring some relief from the suspense on their joint feast day, the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Bright and early on the morning of that feast the answer came to announce that our missionary had yielded his life. And the answer was perfectly satisfactory, for his own brother had already accepted the sacrifice and so had we all. Perhaps it was an answer from the Blessed Mother. It is certain that just as she stands at her shrine blessing the missionaries as they go out, so also that maternal blessing extends to every circumstance of their life on the missions. The mantle of Mary's protection can extend to Manchukuo just as easily as on this home knoll; and so in this case she protected, not the body that dies, but the soul that lives, and she bestowed on Father Donovan the very best gift that even she can give—and that is the grace to walk courageously to the very end in the footsteps of her Son. That is the priceless gift which she has given to Father Donovan, and in giving it to him, to us.

Father Donovan is a full Maryknoll product. He entered our Preparatory School at the age of thirteen, and went through the complete Maryknoll regime. He was a bright, talented young man, with a good disposition, solid virtues. And he carried these qualities right through from first to last. He was most successful in his mission work and priestly life. Those who knew him will, I am sure, always remember his smile. They will see him smiling through the Venard and the Seminary, smiling his way across the Pacific to his work, smiling his way into the pagan villages of Manchukuo, and into the hearts of

## As We Saw Him

Father Drought

*(IT is difficult to think of any other country than America producing such a priest as Father Donovan.*

*We are trying to provide that his treasured remains shall be buried here at Maryknoll—with the Founders of the Society. Not only was Gerry our first to meet with death by violence—a violence that reached to the very altar to seize him and bear him away—but even more particularly, we are inclined to look upon Gerry as the type of young missionary that we desire to see perpetuated for the glory of the Church and its missions.*

*He was serious-minded, unusually intelligent, clear-sighted, firmly wilful, thoroughly devout, worshipfully humble; yet familiar and easily intimate with the things of God as if he were at home in both worlds (if there are two) of Eternity and Time.*

*He was gay, irrepressibly, and untouched by the sad melancholy of self-consciousness and pride. His courage seemed to be a part of something else—not a virtue developed laboriously to triumph over inclinations of fear. It was a chuckling courage which seemed to guard the secret of its bubbling vivacity; a courage that mirrored the vision of his clear-eyed penetrating faith. He detracted from the importance of things that concerned himself by touching them with casualness so effectively that the unobservant might have considered that he paid too little attention to his own concerns.*

*I can imagine him, without complaint, calm under what must have been excessively cruel suffering. But I rather believe that at the end, when he knew that death was near, his release from pain and his crown of martyrdom, he, for perhaps the only time in his life, gave full-throated as well as full-hearted expression to his faith and hope and love in Jesus Christ, the Lord of his missionary soul.*

*The angels received him into paradise; the martyrs rejoiced at his coming—and if there be pride in heaven, the souls of our Founders were filled with it as they led this little brave boy-soul to the throne of God.*

his people, smiling no doubt even in the bandits' camp, and smiling into heaven. That is the picture of Father Donovan that God has now crystallized for us: a combination of boyish man and manly boy—and always with a smile.

What is God telling us? His hand is easily discernible. Our Founders have met Maryknoll's first martyr in heaven—for he was a martyr in the broad sense of a man who gives up his life in the actual performance of his duty for God and souls. And that was the final completion of their foundation, the final principle of strength to be added to the building. Certainly, Almighty God in this dispensation has a special meaning for us, and no doubt it is this: that He allowed this sacrifice in order to strengthen the whole Society. We are not interested in being martyrs, but we are very much interested in knowing whether or not we can meet death for Christ. So the Divine Artist caught this career just at the point where it makes a thing of perfect beauty, snatching Father Donovan's soul into heaven, and so fixing and crystallizing a picture, a model as a permanent inspiration to us all. "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone." Father Donovan, priest, missionary, soldier of Christ, has fallen into the ground in Manchukuo's wintry snow, but in doing so this grain will bring forth much fruit. The fruit is for us to gather. We should see that God is telling us to follow in those footsteps. "I give you a type," He seems to say. "I give you a tradition." There it is, a glad, light-hearted young man, who gave all for Christ, who went the whole way, and with a smile. That is the model He has given us in consecrating the career of Father Donovan as He has done by allowing him the privilege to be the first martyr of Maryknoll. And it is for us to realize the tremendous blessing that this means to our Society and to every one of us. Gather the fruit. Walk in his footsteps. Hear God speaking. "This is the way you must go. Follow him over his mountains, into his villages, in his zeal, in his work, in his love for souls, in his beautiful charity, in his complete sacrifice." Go the whole way for Christ, give all, and smile.

Heartfelt thanks to all who have expressed their sorrow and their joy at the glorious death of Father Donovan.



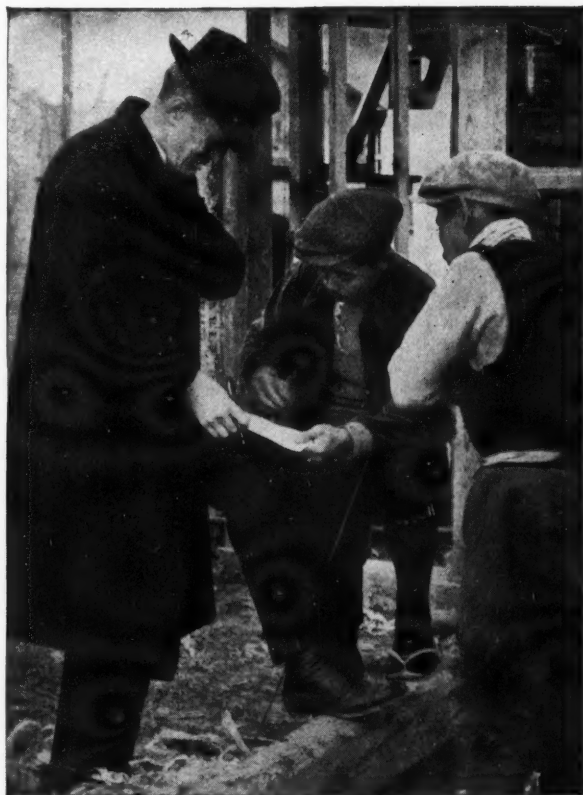
# THE FIELD AFAR

## THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

March, 1938

### *Epic of the Builders—Canto I*

Souls will form the edifice in Kyoto, but there's need of bricks and mortar. Monsignor Byrne describes the prospects and the progress in Maryknoll's newest field.



Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne holds counsel with the carpenters on the job at Kara-saki.

**T**HE Holy See requested Maryknoll to take up work in Japan in 1933, and in 1935 assigned our pioneers a field about Lake Biwa. By Roman Decree of June 17, 1937, the Prefecture Apostolic of Kyoto was erected and Monsignor Byrne was named Prefect.

Kyoto is Maryknoll's sixth mission territory. Three are in the northern Orient—Kyoto in Ja-

pan, Peng Yang in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo. Three are in South China—Kongmoon and Kaying in Kwangtung, Wuchow in Kwangsi.

We dedicate this March issue to the Benjamin of our fields. Though the youngest and smallest, in the eyes of the Church it is immensely important in the role it may play in advancing the reign of Christ in Japan.



**M**OST passenger ships to Japan leave the country at a point 377 miles distant from where they enter it. This intriguing circumstance, known to cause grave concern to timid tourists, resolves itself upon maturer study into a case of two stops in Japan: the twin-city, Tokyo-Yokohama, the first port of call outward-bound from America; and Kobe, the second, 377 miles to the west.

Between these two points there is a constant stream of travelers by rail. The supreme climax, apex and zenith of all this sight-seeing is reached in the city of Kyoto, 47 miles before Kobe, a grand old and new metropolis that was until 1869 the very capital of all Japan, and that remains today its cultural center.

Today, Kyoto not only remains great in a cultural way—with seven universities, and any number of institutions of arts and science, as well as museums of international note—but it also has developed a thriving commercial business in the applied arts, and caters to the whole world in textiles, embroideries, tapestries, in lacquer ware and inlaid-metal work, enameled cloisonné, porcelains, and so forth. Consequently and concomitantly, the city has developed to a stature of 1,200,000 inhabitants, and still grows on and on.

Old inhabitants tell us that the first Grade School in all Japan was opened in Kyoto in 1869—a year that some of our readers may remember. The first electric car appeared here in 1895—a year that more of you may remember. The Maryknoll Fathers appeared here in 1937—a year that all of us can remember. It is the year we got acquainted with the famous *City of Tem-*

THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST MUST GO TO MEN THROUGH MEN.



Fr. M. McKillop,  
of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fr. W. Murphy,  
of Syracuse, N. Y.

Bro. Clement,  
of St. Mary's, Kan.

Fr. C. Boesflug,  
of Bismarck, N. D.

Fr. T. Barry,  
of Roxbury, Mass.

Fr. J. Morris,  
of Fall River, Mass.

Fr. W. Mackesy,  
of Lynn, Mass.

ples. There are probably more temples here than in any city on earth; 389 Shinto shrines, 1,429 Buddhist temples—a total of 1,818 edifices are actively devoted to religion. "Nearly all the headquarters of the Buddhist sects are stationed in Kyoto, so that it may right-

ly be called a city of temples," declares the guide book.

In the dim and misty past, we have heard Brooklyn called "the city of churches." In the Catholic Directory for 1937 there are credited to that noble but maligned borough some 130

churches. How the loyal citizen of Kyoto must sniff in disdain when he compares this paltry number with his own phenomenal total of 1,818! As a matter of mathematical fact, if he included the Catholic church here, his total would reach as high as 1,819!

The only Catholic church in Kyoto, St. Francis Xavier's, is a beautiful, neo-Gothic brick stucco edifice, erected some forty years ago by the famous French padre, Père Villion, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Father Villion set an apostolic long-distance record by his 67 years on the missions without ever once returning to his beloved France. The church he built here is a godsend to the Maryknoll Fathers, since it gives us our home-and-only base in the Kyoto territory.

The pastor of this church is the Japanese priest, Father Paul Furuya, the most helpful *blessing* that has befallen us since our arrival in Japan. Father Furuya was formerly attached to the Osaka diocese and had been working for some time in Kyoto before our coming. A truly apostolic worker, of tireless zeal, and with a manner that makes approach easy for the diffident and the hesitant inquirer, the good padre is about his Father's business from cock-crow to curfew, instructing and catechizing the unbroken procession to the door of his study. May God speed the day when there will be a large body of such competent apostles to direct and



A dainty optician tests Father McKillop's glasses.

WE CANNOT LOVE CHRIST AND BE INDIFFERENT





Msgr. P. J. Byrne, of Washington, D. C.      Fr. J. Daly, of Worcester, Mass.      Fr. H. Felsecker, of Milwaukee, Wis.      Bro. Thaddeus, of Oberlin, Ohio  
 Fr. W. Whitlow, of New York City      Fr. J. C. Witte, of Richmond, Ind.      Fr. E. Briggs, of Allston, Mass.

expand the church in Japan!

Assistant to Father Furuya, and as a curate entitled to non-existent rights, is the valiant, amiable Maryknoller from Milwaukee, Father Felsecker. Father Harry has had a varied mission career thus far, having labored first among the Japanese in Dairen, Manchukuo; then interrupting active mission work to serve as secretary to His Excellency, Archbishop Marella, the Apostolic Delegate to Japan; and a few months ago coming from Tokyo to resume in the Kyoto mission the work dear to his heart, the active apostolate.

Besides St. Francis Xavier's, there is another parish, at Nishijin, west Kyoto, with a congregation of some 300 souls, with both a pastor and a curate, and everything required for canonical standing save an inch of land or a brick of church. Rented Japanese houses, with straw-mat floors and paper partitions, serve for the nonce as both *basilica* and rectory; and serve quite admirably, if you please, discounting the fact that the congregation must be packed in like sardines.

Fathers Whitlow and McKillop, both from New York, feel supremely at home in this parish when scouting the prices of local and available real estate. So New Yorkish are these figures that the padres have come to taking turns pinching each other to be sure they are really on the so-called *foreign missions*. However, if only their fervent prayers are heard, some wealthy recluse in Babylon, America, will be simply dying to remember the Nishijin parish in his

will. Meanwhile, the parishioners bulging the walls of their rented-house church show an appreciation of the Faith and a vigor in *Catholic Action* that is decidedly heart-warming.

Father E. Briggs, of Allston; Father Mackesy, of Lynn; and Father Daly,

of Worcester, form the Massachusetts trio taking turns with baked beans in one another's rented mansions every Saturday night, to compare notes on life and times in the *Big City*. These padres are busy during the week visiting the sick in hospitals, receiving in-



Father Morris makes sure it is straight.

**TO SOULS FOR WHOM HE DIED.**

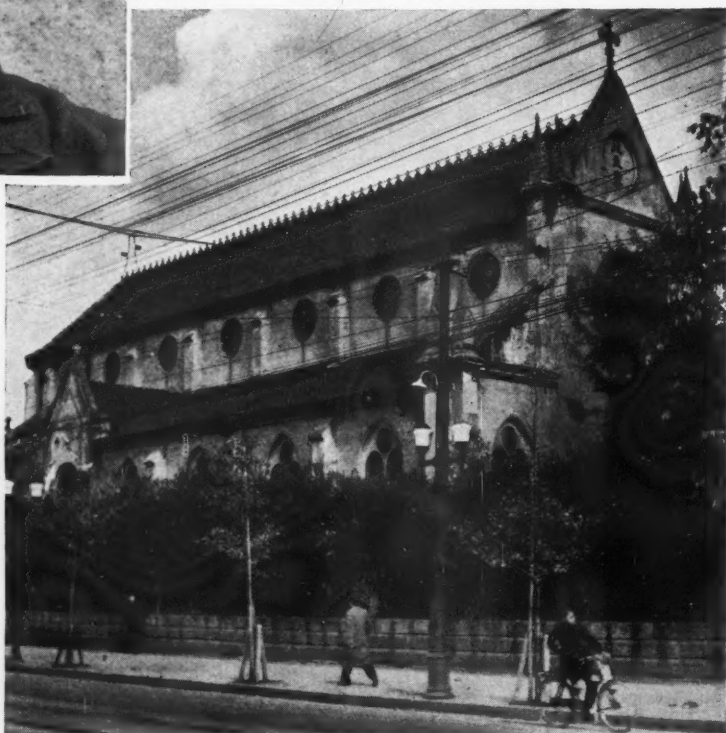


Above: The center house at Karasaki. Mt. Hiei in the background is famous in Japanese history as the center of Buddhism.



Left: Father Furuya, pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church (below), who has had remarkable success in making converts.

Below: French benefactors built this church in Kyoto 40 years ago. A beautiful stone edifice, it will long overshadow the modest chapels which Maryknoll must construct.



quirers interested in the Faith, instructing catechumens, and between meals planning how and where to erect the nifty little chapels they dream of in airy and optimistic moments.

We say advisedly, *between meals*, because these padres are all teaching their cooks how to rise properly to the occasion, three times a day. Now there is an old Latin *wise-crack* to the effect that "Nobody can give what he hasn't got," and as a matter of historical truth none of these Fathers has yet done more than *threaten* to display his gold-seal diploma in Domestic Science. At any rate, there are three schools of cooking now rampant in Kyoto: the Daly, or Apple Pie School; the Mackesy Scrambled Egg School; and the Catch-as-catch-can Briggs School, the benign director of which was lately overheard saying, "I thought he would

stay for dinner, so I told the cook to make some more sandwiches."

The Kyoto Orphanage in charge of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus, established before our arrival, is caring for the physical needs and the education of some forty children. "What are these among so many?" The Sisters could mother many, many more were it not for the obstinate refusal of money to be elastic. The splendid work done by the Sisters has won the praise of non-Christians, and even some financial help from the urban authorities. One of these days the Sisters will surely have a big place out in the country where their motherless charges can have *field day* every day, instead of once a year. Would truth not be stranger than fiction if some FIELD AFAR reader got sufficiently distracted to give them an acre or two (i.e., to give them a field afar)!

The Maryknoll Sanatorium is growing rapidly, beautifully, modernistically, albeit too economically, i.e., *on paper*. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; when that the poor have cried, we sir, have wept: for that the friends we have, and their adoption

EVERY CATHOLIC IS IN A POSITION TO HELP, AT LEAST TO THE EXTENT

tried, have not been able to pay for reinforced concrete—cheap as such construction comparatively is, in Japan. As a matter of proved fact, fireproof construction here costs scarcely more than good wood, and the advantages of having an institution where the patients will not be forced to bodily attendance at fire drills are evident.

What's more to the point, as the prisoner said to the yawning judge, we haven't yet sufficient funds to warrant beginning even a wooden sanatorium. But is the sanatorium going up? The sanatorium is most assuredly going up. Even Mussolini couldn't have built Rome in a day!



Above: The daughter of our leading Christian, in the garden of Hikone Church.



Left: The Maryknoll Sisters who will open a tuberculosis sanatorium in the spring.

Yes, that sanatorium for tuberculosis sufferers is decidedly on the march from dream to actuality. Already a goodly number of FIELD AFAR readers have become helpfully interested, some even sending regular remittances for this so sadly-needed work of mercy among the poor of our mission. The nest egg is still unequal to hatching the entire chick, but the production of a *first wing* is quite within its powers, and when the frosts of this winter leave the ground our spring chicken will start to spring.

Meantime, the Maryknoll Sisters who are to conduct the sanatorium are taking their daily language lessons in hop-skip-and-jump style; the fluency of tongue so naturally inherent in all daughters of Eve being aided and abetted by a genuine love for the Japanese people, which makes so easy and pleasant the call of the supernatural.



Msgr. Byrne explaining the *Daily Missal* to Mr. Kitagawa. Mr. Kitagawa is the Japan Knollers' language teacher and first convert.

OF AN OCCASIONAL PRAYER, IN THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.





## Philadelphia's Cardinal at the Yasukuni Jinja

ON certain festivals of the year, Japanese nationals are expected to attend public ceremonies held at the *Jinja*, or national shrines. The question arose as to the character of the aforesaid public ceremonies.

Anent this question, a pronouncement from the Holy See declares:

"The Ordinaries in the territories of the Japanese Empire shall instruct the faithful that, to the ceremonies which are held at the *Jinja* (national shrines), administered civilly by the Government, there is attributed by the civil authorities (as is evident from their various declarations and by the common estimate of cultured persons) a mere signification of patriotism; namely, a meaning of filial reverence toward the Imperial Family and to the heroes of the country.

"Therefore, since ceremonies of this kind are endowed with a purely civil value, it is lawful

for Catholics to join in them and act in accord with the other citizens. . ."

The first opportunity to demonstrate publicly Catholic participation in the patriotic ceremonies held at the *Jinja* occurred when His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, and suite arrived in Japan, returning from the Eucharistic Congress in Manila.

Accompanied by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, and the Most Reverend Archbishop of Tokyo, a visit was made to the *Yasukuni Jinja*. This shrine

was erected in honor of dutiful soldiers who have died in defense of their country.

Upon arrival at the shrine, the entire party was officially welcomed by the Chief Custodian, dressed in the ancient, white ceremonial robes of Japan, who led them within for the first part of the ceremony, the washing of hands. Several minor officials assisted at this significant preparation. Thereafter, the party was guided to the center of the great shrine, where the Chief Custodian, raising a branch of the *sakaki* tree, with

a slow, graceful movement waved it three times over the entire group. Each member of the party was given a small branch of the same *sakaki*, which he placed upon a special table, preceding and following the action with a deep bow. This completed the ceremony, whereupon the party was escorted to the gate by the Chief Custodian who had presided. It was there the cameraman shot them.

### "I could a tail unfold—"

"I WOULD a tale unfold," said Monsignor Byrne. And so THE FIELD AFAR presents the tale in this Kyoto issue.

"I could a tail unfold," mimics Mr. Cock from Japan. And so we also allow him to display his tail—on the cover.

The long-tailed cocks were developed from common barnyard fowl by the Japanese. It took 150 years of careful breeding with

copper and green pheasants to produce these rare birds with tails from eight to twenty-five feet in length. The tail feathers are so delicate and flexible that they may be coiled around the hand without breaking. When Mr. Cock goes for a walk someone must accompany him, carrying his TRAIN lest the feathers become soiled or torn.

We hope you admire both tail and tale.

JOIN ALL MARYKNOLLERS IN THE NOVENA OF GRACE. SEE

# Kyoto's Native Sons



ISITORS to Maryknollers at Lake Biwa during their early days recall an attractive Japanese boy with bright, open face and quiet, easy manner. It

was Francis Xavier Yokota, the pioneer candidate for the priesthood in the Maryknoll Mission in Japan.

Francis is now joined by four others, whose beaming countenances we reproduce herewith. No other evidence brings us greater reassurance that the Kyoto mission is launched successfully. Many years of difficult work and of the

Japan has only a hundred thousand Catholics, but it has been blessed with many choice vocations among its native clergy. One entire diocese, that of Nagasaki, is manned by Japanese priests, and in Tokyo the Holy See has now created a second area which will be the exclusive responsibility of the sons of Nippon. There are in the country approximately 100 Japanese priests.

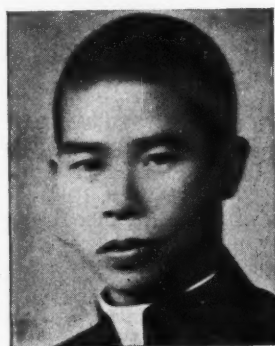
When the aspirants in the Maryknoll territory have completed their preparatory studies they will go to the national seminary in Tokyo. This is one of the great central

Above: Francis Yokota.

Below: (left to right) John Nishizawa, Andrew Eisaku, Paul Bokueitoku, Simon Kabayama. All five are Kyoto candidates for the priesthood.



structed throughout the mission world to emphasize the importance of the development of the native clergy and to guarantee the excellence of their education. There have been few periods in the Church's history during which she has built so strongly and so well in mission lands.



severe discipline of ecclesiastical training lie before these young men, but we earnestly trust that all will ride through valiantly to ordination.



seminaries which in recent years the Holy See had con-



March 4 —

## Novena of Grace

— March 12

**O** MOST lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life, and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession,

the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain for me the favor I ask in this novena (*make some petition*). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God and for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is more conducive to both. Amen. Our Father, etc. Hail Mary, etc. Glory be to the Father, etc.

Certainly it is a privilege to have a part in this magnificent campaign to advance Christ's spiritual realms throughout the world.

To be complete, our page should include a photograph of Father Benedict Tomizawa, who was ordained in Rome in 1937, and who remains there now as a student priest, pursuing post-graduate studies for a Doctorate in Theology. He will prove a precious asset for Kyoto's meager forces.

INSIDE BACK COVER FOR BLANK AND SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS.



## MIYOKO RETURNS THE FAVOR



By A. M. S.



HE rain came down in torrents, but the little group of Salvationists on a street corner in Kake was not to be stopped by rain. Oiled-parchment umbrellas, large enough to shelter two people, kept off the downpour while their hymns rose shrilly in the evening air. There were few passers-by, but one young Japanese girl, protected by the doorway of a cafe, stood and watched and listened for some time. Miss Sato, one of the band, had noticed the young girl in the doorway and she left the little group, tambourine in hand, to speak with her.

"I am sorry, I have no money. . ." the girl began, but Miss Sato stopped her with a smile.

"I just want to talk with you," she said, "you seem so lonely. Can I not help you?"

"Oh, thank you," said the girl lowering her eyes, but not until Miss Sato had seen a tear start. "I want to talk to you, too. But I cannot talk to you here. Some other time, some other place. Please!"

"What is your name?" asked the young lady, as she saw her co-religionist preparing to march on.

"Tanaka Miyoko." And then the other turned quickly to catch up with the little group already marching on.

Early the next morning, when the servants were taking down the wooden shutters from the windows of the Hoshi Cafe, they were surprised to see Miss Sato, blue bonnet and all.

"I would like to see Tanaka San, Miyoko."

Miss Sato was ushered through the barroom of the cafe to a small sitting room in the rear. The stale odors of the night before hung heavily in the dank rooms, but hers was an errand of mercy, no matter what the cost.

A somewhat bedraggled Miyoko, startled and surprised, peered through the doorway. "Oh, you should not have

come here. This is no place for you."

"Then, my dear, it is no place for you either. But here I am! Now, tell me, where are you from, and why are you working here?"

Miyoko melted under the sweet smile and the winning perseverance of the other. At last she told a pitiful little tale. Leaving her aged parents in Kyushu and coming to the city in an effort to help her parents, she met with one disappointment after another until the only place she could find was here in this cafe. "And I only took this position because I was hungry and all my money was gone," she sobbed. "I do not like it. It is dangerous, and I want to go home again."

"Well, that is not so difficult," cheered Miss Sato. "You come to our hall tonight, attend the meeting, and then I shall speak to our Captain (he is my father)."

"Oh, I cannot do that."

"Why, can you not get away for about one hour?"

"It is not that, but—" and she was very much embarrassed. "You see, I cannot go to your meeting because—well, because I am a Catholic. I cannot attend any other church."

"Did you speak to the people at the Catholic church? Did you ask them for help?"

"No, they are foreigners. I hesitated to speak to them about such a matter. But I have been to Mass every Sunday."

"I see," said Miss Sato. But to herself she admitted that for the life of her she could not see the way very well. Whatever this Mass was, the girl had been there. Suddenly, she stood up. "I'll be back later; don't worry."

### For How Many Days?

*One dollar will keep a Maryknoll Missioner—and Christ—in the Orient for one day. For how many days will you be host to your Lord in the fields afar where He longs to dwell? See page 89.*

On, on she went. Across the square, up the hill past the park, and soon she came in sight of the little red-brick church with its cross mounted on high. On either side of the church was a two-story brick house, one marked "Sisters' House" and the other marked "Priests' House." Finally, she decided in favor of the Sisters' house. "They'll at least have a servant who speaks Japanese," she concluded. A strange figure wearing a black veil with white trimmings, was just coming out of the door as Miss Sato approached. Miss Sato bowed, and the Sister bowed, too.

"Excuse me," she began, "does someone here speak Japanese?"

"Why, yes," answered the Sister, "I am Japanese."

"Oh," laughed Miss Sato, "I thought you were a foreigner. You don't look like a Japanese."

"Perhaps it's because of my veil," smiled the Sister. "At first, I did not think you were Japanese, either." And they both laughed.

"Perhaps it's my bonnet," smiled Miss Sato. And they were friends immediately. The young lady lost no time in telling Sister Maria Rose the strange story of Tanaka San, and Sister had a solution.

"I was just going to ask Father if he knew of anyone who needs employment. A Catholic lady telephoned asking me to find someone to stay with her children during the day, while she is engaged in her works of charity for the poor."

"Oh, how very fortunate," said Miss Sato.

"Fortunate?" asked Sister. "I should say it is a miracle of grace." But that took some explanation, and before Sister Maria Rose had finished, Miss Sato was a-thirst with a longing for more teaching from this gentle woman.

"I shall send Miyoko San to see you," she said. "And may I come back sometime and talk with you?"

"Why, surely. Come any time."

JAPAN, THE LAND WHERE EVERYONE LOVES FLOWERS,



Sister Maria Rose noticed Miss Sato's visits were growing quite frequent and regular. One evening, Sister Maria Rose was called down to the parlor. There was Miss Sato, but tonight she was without bonnet or blue cape.

"I have brought my father and mother to meet you, Sister," she said by way of introduction. A kindly middle-aged man and a woman with the sweetest face rose to meet the Sister. It was the Madonna-faced mother who spoke: "Our daughter has been telling us of her visits to you, and we have read all the little books you gave her. Now, my husband and I wish to have you teach us about this beautiful religion of which we know so little. For many years we have been working, like our daughter, in bringing relief to humanity, but we have felt for some time that although we are doing a good work there is nothing in it which satisfies the desires of the soul. We believe your religion, alone, reaches that end."

Miyoko Tanaka was surprised one Sunday morning when Sister Maria Rose stopped her after Mass and asked, "Would you like to be a godmother this morning?"

"Why, yes, Sister. Do you think I may? Who is to be baptized?"

"Oh, you will do very well," laughed Sister. "But you must wait and see."

There were tears with the smiles when Miyoko greeted Miss Sato. "I am to be your godmother? Oh, how happy I am!"

"Yes, you must be happy, because you have returned the favor by rescuing me. Sister Maria Rose has told me that your baptismal name is Rosemary, and so I have chosen another *Rose*. As you know, the word for rose in Japanese is *bara*, so I have chosen for my baptismal name *Marie Barat*."



Marie Barat, another *rose* for God in His garden lands of the East.

—T. Omori—N.Y.K.

SHOULD WELCOME THE MYSTICAL ROSE.

# KYOTO, LAND OF THE RENT COLLECTOR

A Kyoto-ite explains that, aside from one church, all is on the rent plan.



whatever empty residences there were in sight.

Then, enter the villain in the person of the rent collector. True, such a method of making a start is much less burdensome than buying land and building buildings. But a burden remains, according to the quality of the neighborhood. Rents run from \$25 a month to \$60. If a kind friend volunteers to take care of even as little as 51% of any of our landlords' bills, we shall be glad to send him or her a facsimile of the receipt.

Besides rents, however, we must interest ourselves in land titles; and, *land sakes!* it is desperate business in a growing city of over a million inhabitants, such as Kyoto. Our Nishijin parish already has 300 members, and we must figure on a chapel. A plot of ground 180 feet by 120 feet—which is the bare minimum for a parish center of church, school, rectory, and convent—brings 80 yen a *tsubo* (6 feet square) and comprises 600 *tsubo*. In other words, we need something over \$10,000, if we are to get under way in Nishijin.



ES, we are getting up steam in the Kyoto mission but, *alack!* we are still quite decidedly in the swaddling-clothes stage. With the single exception of the *basilica* inherited from our missionary predecessors, all of the Maryknollers are surveying their respective parishes from behind windowpanes in rented Japanese houses, to wit:

Father Witte, in Hikone;  
 Father Boesflug, in Otsu;  
 Fathers Whitlow and McKillop, in Nishijin;  
 Father Briggs, in northeast Kyoto;  
 Father Mackesy, in west Kyoto;  
 Father Daly, in south Kyoto.

Each of these parish centers has been established by walking the streets, figuring where it would be advisable to secure a modest foothold in the business of the Master, and looking over

Above: A rented house that serves for church at Nishijin. If the rest of the house is as good as the roof on this side, it won't serve for long.

Right: Father Whitlow discusses the Hikone fire with two of the leading parishioners.



EVERY CASTLE SHOULD HAVE A LORD —

## Our Neighborhood Castle

Father Clarence Witte writes of his dream castles.



OUR modest city of Hikone has its old and its new—but more of the old. And among the remains of the days that have passed is Hikone Castle. It still stands, visible for miles

around, a beautiful picture of Old Japan. And among the new in Hikone—strangely paradoxical, more ancient than our very city—is the Catholic Church. Not yet is our influence great. Not yet have we converted castle-goers into church-goers. But we have hope. And who knows? Perhaps some day we can surmount the castle with a cross and invite them to both.

But lest you labor under a misapprehension and imagine that already we have converted castle into church, let me explain. THE FIELD AFAR of a few months past referred to the *Castle Rectory* at Hikone. In some respects, such a dignified name was not altogether inappropriate; but our *Castle Rectory* was not made to withstand siege of either enemy or elements as were the castle fortresses of Old Japan. Our resistance to the periodic sieges of monthly bill collectors was weak, and this enemy worked havoc with our noble mansion. But worse were the elements. The real castles of Japan have stood for centuries and still defy ice and snow, flood and fire. But our poor castle is no more.

The handing over of the Kyoto Mission to Maryknoll brought fulfillment to my longing for active mission work, I having been engaged until now almost exclusively in language study. It was my unexpected good fortune to be assigned to Hikone, to which post is also attached the mission station at Notogawa. Changes were just about to be made. My belongings were all packed and ready to go—to the *Castle Rectory* of Hikone. Then came a telegram from my predecessor here: "Church burned to the ground."

Thus, my introduction to missionary labors, as frequently happens, is the discouraging task of looking for a house. There are nice places a-plenty in town,



Father Witte, whose *Castle Rectory* (on opposite page) burned down, has an impelling desire to mount a mighty cross on the topmost roof of Hikone Castle.

and many of them are available, but with a "but." Everyone of these nice places is for sale, while I can only think of renting—until my pocketbook swells considerably. The result is that for the present the church and rectory are combined in an ordinary little Japanese house, not at all suited to give the Church face that is so necessary. But

\$1

*Will support a Maryknoll Missioner for one day.*

every day I'm on the lookout for another castle. I'm getting more and more in the notion of stealing up yon mountain some dark night, mounting a mighty cross on the topmost roof peak of the true and genuine Hikone Castle, and calling all to worship there. Trying so soon to wed the city's old and new might prove disastrous to me, but I am sure every soul for miles around would know the Catholic Church. Is the stake worth the chance?

**WHY NOT THE LORD OF HOSTS?**

## THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



THE angel invited Our Lady to partake in the redemption of mankind. Her response was immediate: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." Every missionary becomes one in answer to a similar invitation. Are you delaying your answer?



MISSIONERS are men of patience and toleration, of long suffering and forbearance, not easily scandalized, making allowances, pardoning all by understanding all, seeing good in the midst of evil, welcoming joy all the same. To discover and develop in their pagan people the divine spark covered over and buried by age-long encrustations of superstition and vice is a task that calls for all these qualities. But with all the missionary's lenience there remains one phenomenon of human nature that puzzles him, and it is not a vice of pagans but a defect of Christians. It is class distinction. To understand why a pagan should look up to the sky in order to worship the moon is easy but to understand why a Christian should look down on his neighbor in order to worship himself is hard. There are people who think that the color of a man's skin makes a real distinction, and others that his nationality, ancestry, education, and wealth are fac-

tors that differentiate him again. The missionary does not understand this preconception. And he stakes his life on the opposite belief.



WHAT will be our first reaction to heaven? Certainly not sitting on clouds and playing harps to celebrate our arrival, but probably beating our breasts and wondering how we got there. Life passed as a dreamy mirage and with it went its opportunities. All the time there were souls around us to be helped, and Christ waiting for us to help them—pagans to be brought close, Christians to be brought closer. It was love that should have sharpened our faculties to be up and doing, for the thoughtful ingenuity that seizes and even makes occasions of doing good is the very characteristic of love. Take a lesson in charity from the crucifix before it is too late. Have compassion on the multitude while there is time. You and God and souls are going to spend eternity together. And nothing else.



THE Church has produced some great missionaries at various periods, and even great missionary movements that involved widespread effort on the part of whole countries. But truth to tell, there is no reason to fear that these records can no longer be duplicated and there is much reason to hope they can be bettered. The present age ought to prove the greatest missionary period in history, for it has everything in its favor. The world used to be big and the Church small, whereas it is now the world that is small and the Church big. And it is putting its missionaries on the seven seas to reach out broadcast and grasp the

The Holy Father's Mission  
Intention for March, 1938.

For Seminaries in China.

## THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

little ball to itself. Have you a part in it? Your life is being passed in a period that will eventually be written down as the mission age *par excellence* of the Church. What a pity if the record should fail to include you.

### Love and Fear

MISSION work is possible and practical, but it is not easy. It is simple and feasible, but it is also hard. It is always done with success, but it is never done without cost. It is like surgery in that it necessitates pain in obtaining results, and in the case of mission work this pain will involve not only the patient but also the doctor. Perhaps this is due to the nature of the disease. When mankind was left wounded and half dead on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, the only hope was a certain Physician. In pagan lands where He has been denied an appearance for long ages, the untended wounds have become deep-seated and sensitive, involving the whole system in a general infection. Tread lightly here. The patient is very sick. True, this sickness is not unto death, but that the glory of God may be made manifest therein, for there remains in the basic organism, through the providence of God, a vigorous strength and a great capacity for betterment. Yet while the patient needs help, he is very wary. He only knows he is sick; he does not know how or why. He is not certain that he can be cured, or if he wants to be. It is not going to be easy to approach him, ready as he is to shrink at the first touch. The problem is to establish confidence in the new and unheard-of treatment that promises to heal his ills, and even though it claims to have fallen direct from the skies, his first reaction is to dodge and falter and flinch.

Why is it that men are so hard to help? Why so hard to convince of where their real help lies? Would it not seem that mere self-interest alone would prompt them to accept the pearl of great price that will answer all their needs? Actually men are hard to help and easy to harm. They will readily accept the flattery that harms them by hiding their sickness, while they will as quickly reject the help that uncovers

WE ADORE THEE, O CHRIST, AND WE BLESS THEE, BECAUSE



and cures. The reason? It is the instinctive fear of the divine. All real help is in a way divine, for it is charity, and it comes from God, and it is thorough-going like God. And men are afraid of it. St. John is not thought of as one who concerned himself particularly with human psychology, for he was privileged to draw from the breast of Christ the most penetrating perceptions of things divine, and he chose to dwell chiefly upon those higher truths that pierce the clouds and trace up to the throne of God. Yet he penned a sentence in his old age that tells volumes about humanity, and particularly about humanity in its most essential relationship, which is its link with the divine. "Perfect love casts out fear" (1 John, iv, 18). These few words give the whole history and the whole psychology of the divine action on human nature, and of the human reaction to divine nature. Love casts out fear, but only in proportion as it gains admittance; and where there is little love, there is correspondingly much fear. And thereby the stage is set for toil and trouble when the perfect love that is the revelation of Christ seeks an entrance in the heart of man.

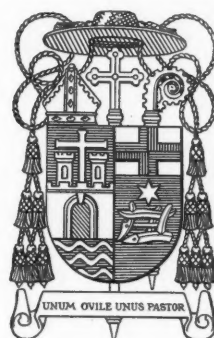
The history of missions is the history of men, and it is written deeply in the psychology of the human soul. All its advances and reverses, its victories and vicissitudes, its joys and sorrows, stem from the reaction of the human heart to the divine demands, and its actual record consists essentially in the cumulative effects of these multiplied individual reactions. First chapters are always stories of fear. Ardent and able priests go to mission lands with their hearts and hands full of blessings to shower upon the needy souls around them. They have every recommendation that virtue, charity, ability, and even human attractiveness can give them, and they bring also the concrete spiritual and material benefits that the people have lacked for thousands of years. One would think they would be received with open arms. They never are. They are received with hesitation, opposition, even persecution, because love has not yet cast out fear. This hesitation is not called fear. It goes by the name of racial pride, ancestral custom, patriotism, nationalism, anti-

**G**OD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

foreignism, superstition, and what not—all so many instinctive defenses that go to bar the divine. Not that the people are evil and reject the good as such. On the contrary, all people are good, and all people seek good—only not at too great a cost. And in this case there is a subconscious dread that the good brought by the missionaries may turn out to be too good. It may end by disclosing itself in its true colors as

persecution. He knows his people, and he knows the trying struggle they are going through. He knows their sickness, and what it is costing them to throw off their systemic infection of centuries. So he simply smiles and stands by, ready with the aid and sympathy that only he can give, offering it whether it is wanted or not, willing to be misunderstood and despised. The divine is making its entry, and there must be doubts and fears, hesitations and explosions—and what does it matter if he is injured or maltreated, if only he can help? He knows so well

One Flock



One Shepherd

Coat of Arms of the Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon on November 30, 1937.

**T**HE left portion of the arms represents the Vicariate of Kongmoon. Kongmoon means RIVER GATE so it is here represented by a heraldic city gate with an open door and above it the cross. Below the gate is the heraldic convention for water—wavy stripes.

Bishop Paschang's ancestors were

German farmers, and he requested something agricultural as an emblem. So a plow, the fundamental agricultural emblem, and above and directing it the star of Our Lady, represent the Bishop's family. Above the Paschang arms is the "chief" (upper third) of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

nothing less than the inescapable divine. They sense the impending revolution. The divine visitation means change. Customs will be modified, opinions revised, habits uprooted, likes and dislikes reversed, life turned upside down. Did we take the wrong turning, and must we now admit our mistake, and retrace our steps? It is a revolutionary right-about-face, and it costs and cuts, hurts and mortifies, blisters and burns. And thus very naturally the first reaction is fear.

The missionary understands this, and that is why no true missionary minds

the story, for the very same thing happened once to himself. Halts by me that footfall? He has fumbled in that same gloom, only to find it was the shade of His hand outstretched carressingly. He will be with his people until they also make the great surrender, blessing and consoling, urging and exhorting, understanding and helping, seeing them through. If he goes down, it is with a smile; if he is trampled under, it is with a prayer—and both are for them. Mission work is not easy. Nobody ever claimed it was. But it is glorious. And it ends in casting out fear.

**BY THY HOLY CROSS THOU HAST REDEEMED THE WORLD.**



—N. Kihara—N.Y.K. Line

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# Wells of Sweet Water

Theresa Nakazato knew that this is the gateway to life. She showed it in her eyes, already seemed to pierce the veil. "I am happy," she whispered, "for I am home for Christmas." Theresa was only a child, had been in the Church four months; yet in that time she taught us how to live and then how to die.

Theresa of the Child was her model, and she kept the Little Flower's biography, in its Japanese translation, ever at her side. They had much in common these two Theresa's. The same disease burning in her was only something she smiled to the world.

For the most who are close to her, she seemed quite effortlessly to keep in touch with reality. "It is quite all right to read the newspapers," I said one day. "In spite of all the talk of war, I am sure they would tell you to beg God's grace for this earth of ours." She brightened most engagingly and answered, "I pray for peace every day without reading the newspapers."

Theresa left us in perfect peace. She prepared a note before her death to her non-Catholic relatives, asking to be buried from our little church. In admiration and awe at the beauty of her death, they were only too glad to comply.

I found a man squatting outside the door, too weak to speak. He could only stare large-eyed until the tears rolled down his sunken cheeks. Finally, he managed to gasp, "I want Baptism before I die."

When he had rested he explained that years ago he had learned of the Catholic Church, had read and thought about it, conceived a great longing for it. His wife's family objected vehemently, and he was forced to leave home. He struggled to get a start in Kyoto, broke down his health, developed tuberculosis, and was now in a hospital.

Sympathetically, yet cautiously, I sent him back to his hospital cot. Some days passed and again he was in my yard. "Please give me Baptism today," he burst out. "I shall not have the strength to come again."

That day he carried the same wrecked body back to his hospital, but anyone could see that he was a new man. Only a few of us, however, knew that he had a new name—*Joseph Yamada*.

During the two weeks that have since passed I have visited Joseph many times. At first he alone greeted me, but now the entire ward beams when I enter. Joseph has in-oculated them with his own love. "Please come often," the head doctor said the other day. "You make the patients very happy." I could not explain that it was Jo-

seph's doing.

And now a letter has arrived from the family, begging him to return, religion and all. Joseph, however, could not read it, for even as I write he is sinking in death. He has a much more precious call home; life for him is really beginning.

I record these glimpses of choice souls, but my experience is not special. A characteristic of mission work in Japan is this contact with spiritual beauty. Conversions in Japan are not numerous, but almost every missionary encounters thoughtful, gifted individuals, usually among the middle or the upper classes, ordinarily possessed of enough in material things, often favored with a

wealth of culture. Within them they feel a void, and the smallest clue will lead them to seek out the Church. The prior of the Trappist monks and the mother superior of the Trappistine nuns, who have their large monasteries with their perpetual cloisters in Northern Japan, explain that hardly a week passes without a letter from a non-Christian somewhere in Japan, expressing a longing for the retirement and intimacy with God to be had within their walls. Such people are led to be Catholics through an unconscious hunger for Catholic ideals.

True, conversions as yet are few in Japan. Throughout the land, however, are numberless precious wells of sweet water waiting to be tapped.



—Sadako Numata—N.Y.K. Line

## Maryknoll Fields in South China

### KONGMOON

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, J. Sweeney and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Fr. C. Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; and Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,  
Kwangtung Province, So. China

### KAYING

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattey, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address: Catholic Mission, Kaying,  
via Swatow, China

### WUCHOW

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 30,000 square miles in area, the size of Maine. Population 5,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Magr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Frs. Glass and V. Walsh, of Ia.; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilleran, Keelan, Lacroix, Langley, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gillogly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address: Catholic Mission, Wuchow,  
Kwangsi, China

## Monthly Forum of the

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 158 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are:

1. Vicariate of Kongmoon;
2. Vicariate of Kaying;
3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China);
4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo;
5. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea;
6. Prefecture of Kyoto in Japan.

These six territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain



#### Encouraging Signs—

Tung-She, where Father Weis holds sway,  
May be a Catholic town some day.

"Several months ago, the villagers of Tung-She donated a plot of ground for the chapel and for a doctrine school, besides contributing a good share of the expenses for the building. This gift was a great help and encouragement; it gave evidence of the deep interest which we hope will continue until the little village is entirely Catholic.

"We ask prayers for the success of this station, that the spark of Faith that seems to have taken such good root may spread throughout the surrounding villages and to all sections of our territory."

#### Spurred by Opposition—

Featuring an elderly man of a fairly well-to-do family, Father Quirk continues:

"The old man came to the little outstation at Hsin-Fushun and asked to be instructed, and this very much against the wishes of his sons and of the local minister, who are doing everything pos-

sible to dissuade him from entering the Church.

"The gentleman claims that he has studied the doctrine of several non-Catholic sects for years, but they offered him little or no consolation in his search for the Truth. Only recently he learned of the Catholic Church when the little station at New Fushun was opened. He stated that in it he found the peace of soul for which he had searched, and that, in spite of the opposition of his family, he will continue to study the doctrine until he is baptized. He assured us that he is grateful to God for this great blessing at the end of his days."



#### "Ask Me Another"—

Anyone knowing the answer, please communicate with Rev. Wilbur J. Borer, Masan, So. Heiando, Korea:

"A sick call in Hpal Cheng Ri detained us there over night. My Mass, the following morning, was said at 6:30, but I was the only one present who knew the hour. The sun and anybody's guess are the ordinary means of reckoning time among the country people.

"After Mass, at which there were 21

CHRIST GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS; OFFER HIM THE SUPPORT



# Maryknoll Missioners

20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New England. They include 56,675 Catholics, of whom 7,413 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.

communicants, I was asked to provide a woman catechist for the children and the fairer sex—the villagers to supply her dwelling place.

"It is the simplest solution of a difficult problem, for these unlettered farmers are not capable of instructing their children properly.

"The question is, from whence will come the extra five dollars each month, for the woman's salary?"

## Lucia is Sold—

The roving missionary, Father Patrick Cleary, walks into a difficult situation:

"Here is a tragic case I found at Hpo Tong. About a year ago, Paul Ri, without dispensation, gave his baptized daughter, Lucia, in marriage to a pagan who promised to prepare for Baptism. The man made no attempt to fulfill his contract, and the father brought his daughter home.

"After several disagreeable encounters over the matter, the would-be husband abducted the girl, took her to a town about thirty miles away, and sold her to another man with whom she is now forced to live. The poor father has paid a bitter price for his rashness."

## Mission Values

\$3

Will support a mission baby for one month.

\$15

Will pay the salary of a native catechist for one month.

\$100

Will support a native seminarian for one year.



## Happy Seiji—

He lives in Karasaki, this little friend of Brother Clement:

"A lad of fourteen, small of stature, is classed among my first and most cherished acquaintances in Japan, and I like to reflect on the day we first met. He was a little shy of foreigners then, and while talking rolled up his tiny apron to cover a worn spot.

"Seiji may be seen peddling his fish, early and late, in good weather and bad, but always with a beaming, smiling countenance. All the neighbors love him.

"One just can't help being cheerful when Seiji is around, and since he joined our Catechism class a few months ago his infectious good nature has spread rapidly among the other pupils. May it grow to be an epidemic!"

## No Hits, No Runs, All Errors—

It may be a mistranslation, yet in it lurks a delicate compliment, Monsignor Byrne must admit:

"After their native tongue, the Japanese consider English the most important. In high school it is one of the prescribed subjects, and the pupils tell

## Maryknoll in Japan Korea and Manchukuo

### PENG YANG

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Pelouquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coken, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission,  
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,  
Korea

### FUSHUN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell, Ziembra and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan, Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,  
Manchukuo

### KYOTO

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

#### Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,  
St. Francis Xavier's Church,  
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

OF A MISSIONER — AN OTHER CHRIST — FOR THE SAME GLORIOUS CAUSE.

us that it is more difficult for them to study English than it is for us to study Japanese. Be that as it may, their application to study, and the eagerness with which they attack our tongue, are truly praiseworthy.

"The other day, I was giving an English reading and writing lesson to some of the youngsters in the neighborhood who play baseball in our backyard. I dictated from one of the English books they brought to me: 'Prices are subject to revision every 24 hours.' One had rendered it:

"'Priests are subject to religion every 24 hours.'"



#### What, No Ice Cream?—

It happened one night when Father Bauer had just completed a tiring tour of sick calls extending from one end of the mission to the other:

"The breathing spell that followed was not more than a minute old when a tall, broad, bewhiskered gentleman darkened our portal. He seemed vaguely familiar, yet I could not place him, not even when he inquired if there were a shower in the house, explaining that his friend who worked at the oil station nearby would like to use it; also where could they get some ice cream in town, and which was the best hotel. I was about to reply, with hurt local pride, that all of these superfluities of life were within easy reach via yon express subway, when I spied Father Kennedy of the Hong Kong Jesuits stealing around the corner. I realized then that the would-be-intruder was no other than his confrère, Father Craig, beard-disguised. Father Sandy brought up the rear and we had a happy reunion.

"The following day we sailed over to Sancier Island, and at midnight Father Sandy and I went for a moonlight swim, and talked over our plans be-

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

**I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York\* . . . . . (Here insert amount of legacy.)**

**This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.**

\*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.  
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.  
In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

tween strokes. It was a glorious hour, and our hopes for the future apostolate in China crested the highest waves."

#### Cholera—

This is how our Sancierites, Father Cairns and Sisters Monica Marie and Candida Maria, fought the recent cholera epidemic:

"We thought that Sancier was to be immune, but a fisherman came to our shores with his boat, family, fish, and the cholera. Within a few days, 80 people had died.

"The news spread that the Catholic mission had a means of prevention, and we were asked to go to the villages and inject vaccine. We had very little, but the Chinese Government donated a large quantity and delivered it to our door free of customs and delays.

"We walked to every village on the Island. I preached first, and then with the help of the catechists, injected serum into the arms of the men, while the two Sisters and their medical helpers attended to the women and children.

"In all we gave 1,350 injections, and as far as we know, there is not a single case of cholera on the Island, at present."

#### Slow Motion—

At least they are not impulsive, these approaching converts of Father Joseph P. McGinn:

"Catechist 'Lean and Hungry' is off today to look up a family who had come

#### THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

to the mission with this story. On his deathbed, their father had summoned all his children about him to give them this parting admonition: 'Look up the Doctrine Church that is signed with the Ten Character (the cross). That is the true Church. Enter it.'

"The father died 35 years ago! Fearing the opposition of relatives, his children delayed before acting on his advice. We have not discovered how the father heard about the Catholic religion, for certainly there is no record of his having practiced it.

"It would seem that God has some very special work for this family, since He has sought them so persistently."

#### Frozen Assets—

"Why doesn't he get a Frigidaire?" asked the modern youngster.

"You don't really think they have electricity in that poor alley section where the mission is located, do you?"

"Well, there are some ice boxes that are run by gas; he could get that kind."

The above is offered to Father Burke as a solution to the Sunwui ice situation, featured in one of his recent letters:

"Mickey, the houseboy, came back from his shopping this morning with the sad news that the price of ice has gone up. It is now twenty cents for seven pounds, while before it was four pounds for half that sum. This doesn't bother us much as we get ice only on Sundays, or when the 'quality' call on us. It is surprising to see the number of people in this city who buy ice, although previous to last year they had never seen a piece of it."

#### No Half-Measures—

Father Bauer now has seventy-three pupils in his school:

"At one time, the people at T'aan On had all been baptized with the exception of the girls, their parents claiming that as they would undoubtedly be married to pagans, the Sacraments would avail little. The parents themselves had been away from the Sacraments for years. Excommunication for the entire village was considered, but we compromised by denying Catholic burial to everyone who had no time for Church and the Sacraments, and also by removing the catechist and school teachers. For a period, the villagers

COMPASSIONATE THE MOTHER OF SORROWS AND BRING

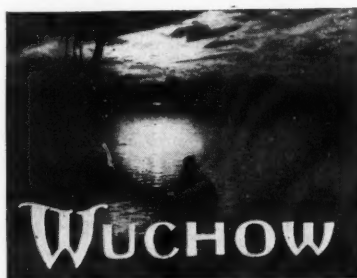
attempted to operate the school themselves, but found they could not. Naturally, they lost face before their non-Christian neighbors, and as a consequence, delegates from the backsliders came to us seeking reinstatement. The terms we insisted upon were these: The girls, as well as the boys, must be baptized; the adults must obey the laws of the Church, and give good example.

"We had not long to wait before 400 Christians filled our chapel and almost 50 girls were brought for Baptism. We opened the doors of the school to 73 children."

#### Sancian's Surprise Party—

"What a happy moment it was last year when the Christ Child opened His baby eyes and saw the comfortable little home He was in," Father Sandy recalls.

"It was a complete surprise, for I had left its construction and decoration entirely in the hands of His newly-made friends. They used dark crumpled paper for the rocks of the cave, with a sprinkling of cotton flakes to simulate the snow, which was really ingenious as these people have never seen snow. In the roof of the cave was concealed a flashlight focussed upon the figures of the Infant with His Mother and St. Joseph. The animals browsed near by. The little statues were the gift of an Irish soldier and arrived just in time for the Feast."



#### Chanting Converts—

Perhaps, it was St. Gregory who blew the pitch pipe when his Kweilin pupils chanted their prayers, so true rang their notes on neighboring ears:

"When the Maryknoll priests arrived four years ago, there was only a score of Catholics in Kweilin. Then one day, a zealous Hakka immigrant from

**ASSOCIATES ALL**  
**ONE** copy of *The Field Afar* will probably be enough for a small household; but why not make it a point to enroll every member of the family, living or dead, as a *Maryknoll Associate*—sharing in thousands of Masses offered yearly by Maryknoll priests, as also in the daily prayers, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in this work?

**Associate Membership**  
can be secured by the yearly offering of fifty cents.

Kwangtung settled in a village some distance outside the city, and Father Romaniello opened a dispensary in his little shop, going every three days to attend it.

"Each morning and evening the neighbors were intrigued by the prayers which the Hakka family chanted aloud. Curiosity led some of them a little further, and soon a catechist was sent to prepare them for Baptism. The neophytes spread the good tidings to relatives in another village; these in turn brought in relatives from a third village. There are now baptized Christians in the first two villages; and, in the third, fifty are studying the doctrine."

#### "Down the Line"—

A village in Wuchow without a mission dispensary will soon appear as arid as a city street-corner in America without a drug store:

"Into one of Laipo's empty little shops moved Father Regan, pill-and-gauze encumbered. On the opening day, the Reverend Medico might just as well have been quarantined so sedulously did clients avoid him. But now, a few months thereafter, the daily waiting line runs a hundred yards—allowing a yard per patient. Sooner or later, it is hoped, all will reach the goal. Some

\$15

*Will enable our missionaries to pay for one month the salary of a native catechist.*

are quicker than others in catching the signals, and we had the happiness of baptizing forty the other day."



#### Surprise!—

Since the development of a native clergy is a principal *raison d'être* of Maryknollers in China, Father Donaghy must have experienced a thrill of achievement at this "Welcome Home":

"Guess what I found on the doorstep upon my return from a Confirmation tour with Bishop Ford? No, not a quart of milk, nor the morning paper—but 21 boys waiting for the seminary to open!

"This is by far the largest enrollment we have ever had, and we are rather *hard put* for room. The boys range in age from eleven to seventeen and are a great crowd. They keep the house in an uproar, studying aloud and playing, their alternate occupations from early morning until bedtime. One becomes accustomed to the noise, however, and I actually miss it during vacation."

#### The Landlord's Lullaby—

"Rents are low in China, but not this low," says Father McCormick as he burrows deep into a coin-free pocket:

"From here we travel 12 miles by boat and another dozen overland by foot to reach Lioung Kiang Ao. When we rented a little shop in this metropolis three years ago, there was only one baptized Christian in town, but there were excellent prospects, which have since been realized.

"Now, 120 are baptized, and of these at least 60 come for prayers and a sermon by the catechist on Sunday, so we must find a place large enough to hold them. The *hold-all* of our choice rents for \$42 a year, a staggering sum in comparison with the \$14 we have been doling out for the cubbyhole of pioneer days."

**HER THE SOULS FOR WHOM HER SON DIED.**



Left: Maryknoll Novices at Bedford taking a lesson from the busy little bees—and hoping not to be stung.

Below: Students at the Home Knoll give their bikes a rest in the middle of a 70 mile ride to West Point.

## Knoll Notes

### The Rhythm of Routine

Théophane to join in the combat. And Vénard's sacrifice was one of the impelling influences which led to the special interest in missions of a seminarian at Boston's house of training. That seminarian was later to be co-founder of Maryknoll, Bishop James Anthony Walsh. Years before Maryknoll came into being, the then Father Walsh prepared a biography of Vénard, *A Modern Martyr*. Through this volume and through the columns of *THE FIELD AFAR* the French missionary's happy charm has been made known to legions in America. Thus a goodly number of young Americans have received the call to overseas mission work through a sturdy French boy and his resolution. It is striking to note how many Knollers attribute the birth, or at least the fostering, of their vocation to the life of Théophane.

And now, still new fires are



**D**OESN'T it become a little monotonous here at times?" visitors ask, sometimes at the Home Knoll, sometimes at one of our houses of preparation where the 300 Knollers-to-be are in training. The usual answer is a tactful, "Well, one day is much like another." It would take too long to explain that there is a vast difference between sameness and monotony, that in traveling the road to service for Christ every aspirant is eaten up with a desire to be thoroughly well-groomed for the task, and that in the necessary routine there is no monotony.

A young martyr looking down from his place in Heaven into the chapels of our Maryknoll houses of training must smile to himself as he sees history repeating itself. As a boy tending goats in France he read the life of a fellow countryman who went out to Tongking in southeastern Asia and was put to death for the Faith. "I too will go to Tongking," he said to his sister Melanie, "and I too will be a martyr."

Blessed Théophane Vénard, for it is of him we speak, did just

that. He studied for the foreign mission priesthood in Paris and then journeyed out to the East. A great persecution raged, and he became one of its victims, though previous to his death he brought many to Baptism.

Thus one fire lighted another fire. The sacrifice of Father Cornay, whose life he had read in the fields of France, inspired Blessed



**THE PURPOSE OF MARYKNOLL IS THE EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH AND**



lighted. At the day's end, in the quiet of the Maryknoll chapels—both in the major seminary and in the preparatory houses—young men kneel at the Martyrs' Shrine and pray that boyhood companions will be prompted to join them in the apostolate.

The American boy no longer needs to go to Europe to find his



Above: Volley ball at the Home Knoll. Brothers versus Students.

Left: Students at Los Altos patronize nature's foot bath during an all-day hike.

Below: Looking west with a vision that circles the globe.



by another, inspired Bishop Walsh and many in the first generation of American foreign missionaries, and he can rightly claim a share in the inspiration which the growing generation receives from the sons of our soil overseas.

At the entrance to the Brothers' chapel at Maryknoll, in the seminary porter's lodge, in the Maryknoll Post Office where the Sisters (the U.S. Government does not forbid it!) pray as they work, and in Maryknoll houses everywhere, we find photographs of Father Gerard Donovan, Manchu Maryknoller, a prisoner of the bandits since last October 5. During these weeks when the thermometer hovered about zero, we thought of the intense suffering to which he was being subjected in the primitive mountain camp in which very probably he is confined. As yet, no word of him.

missionary ideal. "I intend to be a missionary like Father X, who is from our parish," a youngster remarked to a Maryknoller recently. Besides the numerous priests of religious communities who have gone overseas, there are over 200 Maryknoll missionaries from American parishes who, it goes without saying, are objects of interest for both adults and young people who

follow their careers. The biography of an Indiana priest, Father McShane who died in China, is not spectacular reading, but it warms the cockles of many a young American heart because it provides an example of one from our own land who has gone the whole way along the missionary trail.

Thus Vénard, himself inspired



THE STRENGTHENING OF HIS REIGN IN THE INDIVIDUAL SOUL.—Bishop J. A. Walsh.

# The Bounty Page



**SINCERE THANKS**

**Dear Maryknoll Friends,**

During January, many who sent us help for our missionaries spoke of the sad struggle in the Far East.

"We have China served to us daily on the front page of our paper," said one, "and in the theatre this week I was thrilled to see a news reel of Catholic missionaries feeding the hungry."

"Reading the press despatches of the fortitude of our missionaries in poor China," writes another, "makes one more mission-minded. I for one have decided to forego something I do not really require and help support a Maryknoller."

How strange is Providence! The war has brought affliction to millions; yet in both China and Japan it has assisted in opening for many the door to Christ. Let no one suggest that these days destroy the missionaries' work, for, sorrowful though they be, Christ is the Man of Sorrows.

Our thanks to all who help support our missionaries, whether for 30, 20, 10, 5, or for even one day a month. Each rising sun brings a new problem, but with your aid comes new confidence!

Sincerely in Christ,

**The Maryknoll Fathers**

## Vision Lofty

A PENNSYLVANIA tradesman passed away last month and left a will. "For my wife," was the first item; "for my pastor," the second. "The residue I leave for the spread of Christ's kingdom through the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll." The residue was but \$45.25; a small sum you will say, but practically five per cent of the will, for the man left only a thousand dollars.

Our tradesman died with wealth for which kings could envy him. He had a nobility of heart which amid life's bitter struggle made him gaze on wide horizons and vision what was lofty.

Other wills this month are from Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. We are grateful for this valuable means of assistance.

## Dramatizing a Dime Card

"It is a motley collection of human wrecks that I am to have in my house for a day," writes a young lady as she sends us the dollar from a Charity Dime Card, "but what a thrilling experience! As I gathered these dimes I noted the poor miserable creature that I was helping with each and asked myself what I would do with him if I had him on my hands even 24 hours.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

The leper, for instance—what a stench! The blind person might be young or old, but certainly helpless. The orphan would probably win my heart, and I would hate to see it go. And so on! It has made me feel like a missionary to fill this card; send me another, please."

## A Share in Spiritual Riches

Each Maryknoll priest as he is ordained assumes the obligation to celebrate his Mass every Friday for all who are enrolled as Associate Members of Maryknoll. There are 221 priests now celebrating each Friday. Into the Maryknoll treasury are deposited rich graces, the fruits of the labors of our mis-

## The Month's Prize Letter

"Reverend Fathers,

"I am tardy in writing, but I am a widow with three strenuous youngsters—aged six, seven and eight—to take care of. When I finish with them I am tired. I can only sit and read (THE FIELD AFAR gives me much pleasure and inspiration) or knit a little.

"Here once again is my monthly dollar, support of my missionary for a day. May he pray that my children will grow up good citizens. When their father died I couldn't see the why of my bitter cross. But now I understand for I have learned from my sorrow to feel the needs of others; I believe God has made me more truly womanly.

"To possess is not enough, but rather to have peace, love, courage, devotion to others. I admire the young Maryknollers who voluntarily give up all those things which I when I was young yearned for so ardently, and who do so many brave and fine things for souls overseas."

W.V.F.—New Jersey

**HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE VALUES**



**WANTED—12** gifts of \$15 a month each to support twelve new catechists for the Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

**WANTED—20** gifts of \$3.00 per month each for support of inmates in old folks' home, Fushun, Manchukuo.

**WANTED—**Chapel equipment in sufficiently good condition to warrant shipment—candelabra, altar cards, missals, missal stands, statues, etc.—for new chapels in Kyoto Prefecture, Japan. Inquire of Maryknoll before shipping.

**WANTED—\$500** for two dispensaries in Kweilin sector, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

**WANTED—**\$1,000 for school to train catechists, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

**WANTED—10** gifts of \$500 each for maintenance of catechumenates for training of thousands now seeking Baptism, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

**WANTED—3** gifts of \$30 a month each and 3 gifts of \$50 a month each for rental of quarters for six chapels, Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

**WANTED—Four** sets of altar linens, 24 amices, 24 corporals, 24 finger towels, for the Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, China.

**WANTED—\$1,500** for convent of Maryknoll Sisters, Pagnam, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

**WANTED—**\$1,500 for erection of church at Wanfau, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

**WANTED—30** gifts of \$35 yearly for support of orphans, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

**WANTED—2** gifts of \$3,000 each for two city rectories for Kyoto, chief city of Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

**WANTED—**\$2,000 for erection of a girls' school at Yeungkong, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

**WANTED—\$700** for year's maintenance of a Catholic newspaper in Chinese, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

**WANTED—25** gifts of \$200 yearly for support of seminarians, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

*The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.*

## WANT ADS

WEIGHED ON THE BACK COVER?

sioners. These likewise are shared by our Associates. Perpetual Membership means, as its name implies, enrollment forever.

"I have just received my Perpetual Membership," writes a Californian. "I do not know when I was so thrilled."

"I am still sorrowing greatly over my husband's death. It is indeed a great comfort to know that as a Perpetual Member of Maryknoll he is remembered unendingly in Masses."—*New York.*



**T**HE Mother of Sorrows supporting her Divine Son in her arms makes us want to support "other Christs"—missioners—that they too may live a dying life, bringing Life and Light and Salvation to the Far East.

**The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

Please send me a ten-dime card that I may make a Lenten sacrifice and support a missionary for one day.

Also send ..... cards for friends.

Name .....

Address .....

## Our World of Missions



THE Church in China has gained immensely in prestige during these months of war. Particularly in the neighborhood of Shanghai it has suffered enormous property losses in the destruction of many institutions and of buildings upon the income of which has depended the support of such great establishments as Aurora University.

But in the things of the spirit, and this is the true measure, there has been great gain. The giant spectacle of thousands of Catholics, religious and lay, dedicating themselves to the relief of suffering and to all the corporal works of mercy has produced an impression which will live for long.

When the chaos of war threatened the entire city, Father Jacquinot, S.J., performed a master stroke by negotiating with both Chinese and Japanese for a neutral zone in which several hundred thousand non-combatants live without molestation. It has its own police, set up by Father Jacquinot, and in this little realm of calm surrounded by storm the priest daily administers justice, distributes charity, and assuages woe.

At Zikawei, the Jesuit center, 7,000 are fed daily. Catholic Sisters, not only in hospitals but through rude dispensaries and by visitation of the shell-punctured homes, relieve the sick and wounded. A wave of gratitude has passed over all the lowly of the region. In a hall of Aurora University a Chinese lay Brother cared for 250 wounded soldiers. When an ill-mannered man insulted him, so great was the esteem for the humble slave of mercy that all who were able rose as one and even used violence to force an apology.

A Canadian, Monsignor McGrath, expresses the sentiment which dominates the workers. "They are our brothers and sisters in Christ," he states. "If we did not believe that, we would not be in China today and we should be false to our missionary vocation were we to

fail them now in their hour of dire distress. Ours not to meddle in politics or pass political judgments, but to render Christlike assistance in the exercise of our solemn duty of charity towards all men."

### A Great Heart Stops Beating—

The savagery that is war has felled in Shanghai one of the world's outstanding Catholics, Mr. Lo Pa Hong. The press, both secular and Catholic, has praised him and recited his deeds. At Maryknoll, we mourn not a mere figure on a distant horizon; we suffer the passing of a cooperator and intimate friend.

When Maryknoll's first mission bands passed through Shanghai, Lo Pa Hong greeted them. Indeed, before ever a Maryknoll missionary crossed the seas, our Founder-General in his journey of reconnaissance visited Mr. Lo's foundations of charity, great even in 1917, and spoke of them in his book, *Observations in the Orient*. In the score of years that have passed, many Maryknollers have sat at Mr. Lo's table and have in other ways partaken of his hospitality. In 1926, we had the happiness to welcome him here at Maryknoll.

To those who knew him, the marvel of Mr. Lo lay in the intensity and persistency of his daily devotion to worship and to works of charity, and in his ability to give himself to the things of God and yet conduct very extensive and very successful business enterprises. Bishop Walsh in his *Observations* of 20 years ago speaks of Mr. Lo's life of prayer and daily serving of Mass. This remained true of him to the day of his death. Many successful men have endowed great charitable enterprises, and we admire them for it. But Mr. Lo thought not only of supplying money; he lifted the poor and the broken with his own arms, poured the waters of Baptism on dying criminals and outcasts with his own hands.

Many idealists—and Christianity is fertile soil for the most glorious ideals

**I, a missionary priest or nun!  
Why not? Think it over.**

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

### Our note pages on men and things missionary

—hunger to give themselves for others, and all that is earthly pales in comparison, with the result that commercial projects with which they may be linked often receive from them only half-hearted attention. This was not so with Mr. Lo. He was a thorough realist.

We admire Mr. Lo as an ideal Catholic layman. Shot down by political enemies, he who often hastened across the city to minister to the humblest criminal died without a priest. But no one feels uneasy regarding his reception by the Master. The voice of the Heavenly Father, we are sure, broke with throbbing affection as He rested His hand on the shoulder of this Chinese apostle and said, "Well done!"

### Steady Under Fire—

We—that part of the Maryknoll family composed of priests, Brothers, and students—have welled with pride that a group of nine Maryknoll Sisters, subjected without warning to a severe test, has proven heroically faithful to duty. We are thoroughly delighted with the record of the Maryknoll staff of the Shanghai Mercy Hospital for the Insane.

Mercy Hospital, as perhaps you have read in the secular or Catholic press, is one of the last foundations of Mr. Lo Pa Hong. When its eight buildings and chapel were completed, Mr. Lo invited the Brothers of Mercy from Germany to take charge of the men's section and the Maryknoll Sisters to care for the women's section.

A brief period of busy, fruitful labor and then the war. Located ten miles outside Shanghai, the hospital has been continually behind the Chinese lines. During November, when the Chinese defense of Shanghai crumbled, Japanese planes bombed about its doors, retreating armies surged past its wall, and scenes of carnage were plainly visible from the windows. Through it all, the Sisters stayed with their charges, except to make sorties to aid the wounded and to bury over 600 dead.

The *New York Herald-Tribune*, which felt privileged to publish the

**LORD! WHO THY THOUSAND YEARS DOST WAIT TO WORK THE THOUSANDTH PART OF**



November diary of the community, was struck, as were we all, by the true heroism of the group. The Sister chronicler, whose name we do not know, described the extraordinary events with evident unconsciousness of what it meant to live and labor through them with such calm. The document revealed, as the metropolitan daily said, "only by inadvertent implication the bravery of nine American nuns of Maryknoll."

May God bless this pioneer band that has proven so steady under fire!

an experience we shall all remember to hear him tell us quietly that he is bishop of an area that is now in ashes. After his consecration, there was a brief honeymoon of peace and promise, with evidence of excellent dispositions toward Christianity. Then hostilities broke, and within a few months all lay in ruins.

Most impressive to all at Maryknoll was the elevated spirit in which this Chinese bishop accepted misfortune.

"It is a time for true optimism," he told us, "for Christian optimism. It is a time to remember that there is a vir-

#### A Japanese Archbishop—

The cherished dream of Archbishop Chambon is a reality. The Holy See has seen fit to create the Diocese of Yokohama, a city related to Tokyo much as Brooklyn is to New York, and to this See goes the French Archbishop who for years has labored so effectively in the capital. His own post in Tokyo has been given by the Holy See to a native son of Japan, His Excellency, the Most Rev. Peter Doi Tatsuo.

Archbishop Tatsuo was born at Sendai, the same city in northern Japan



Maryknoll's late Founder-General, Bishop James A. Walsh, with Mr. Lo Pa Hong, recently assassinated by political enemies in Shanghai. The photo was taken in 1926 when Mr. Lo visited the United States.

Keystone

#### Bishop of Ashes—

As 1937 closed, we welcomed to Maryknoll a large-framed stalwart Chinese, evidently of typical northern stock. It was Bishop Paul Yupin, the first Catholic bishop of Nanking.

As Bishop Yupin crossed the Atlantic, the radio brought him word of the fall and destruction of Nanking. It was

tue of faith and a virtue of charity, but there is also a virtue of hope. It is to this last that I cling as I contemplate my churches and schools destroyed, my priests and Sisters scattered, my people dispersed."

Certainly, the Church in China has reached full stature when it provides such noble figures among its leaders.

which gave the Church Bishop Haya-saka. The Archbishop is of a distinguished but non-Christian family and received, besides a careful training in the culture of his homeland, an excellent ecclesiastical education in Rome and experience both in the ministry and as private secretary of the Papal Delegate in Tokyo, Archbishop Marella.

**THY VAST PLAN, FOR US CREATE WITH ZEAL A PATIENT HEART. —Cardinal Newman.**

# THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

## *With the Japanese on the Pacific Coast*

**T**HREE large port cities on the Pacific Coast harbor Maryknoll houses: misty Seattle, invigorating San Francisco, and sun-swathed Los Angeles. From two of these cities have branched other Maryknoll establishments which have taken root in Los Altos, a town about forty miles north of San Francisco, and Monrovia, a small city some twenty miles beyond the environs of Los Angeles.

In Seattle, where so many Japanese have settled in an effort to secure work as merchants, fishermen and canning operators, the Maryknoll Sisters conduct a Grammar School as well as a Day Nursery for Japanese children. Daily, a bus driven by a Maryknoll Brother fetches lovable, almond-eyed youngsters from every nook and corner of the *Queen City*, depositing them at Our Lady of Martyrs School with its quaint Oriental architecture, or at the spotless Day Nursery where white-clad Sisters bestow upon their diminutive charges assiduous care which is both scientific and maternal.

Supplementing the work of school and parish, care of the sick and the indigent demands a large share of the Sisters' time and energy. Of late they have been obliged to extend the scope of their work in an effort to assist the Filipinos who form a large portion of Seattle's heterogeneous population.

Southward, in Los Altos, overlooking the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, the Sisters supervise another salutary work—the giving of Retreats. By means of contact with the many souls who come under their guidance through this medium, they are able to assist not only those of their own race, but to enlist the aid of retreatants in dispelling much of the intolerance meted to Oriental neighbors.

Perhaps it is in Los Angeles and its

environs that the work of Maryknoll among the Japanese has achieved its greatest progress. In this city of international transients, the Sisters staff St. Francis Xavier School, whose curricula ranges from Kindergarten to Junior High, and an orphanage, familiarly known among the Japanese as "Sisters' Home." Originally a one-family house this home shelters about sixty Japanese children, from small babies to and including adolescents.

Another phase of work in which the Sisters are most successful is that of Social Service. Visits to all manner of homes bring about a better understanding between the Sisters and their Japanese friends. County institutions and hospitals are also included in the social itinerary, and many a lonely Nipponese exile, far from the shadow of his beloved Fujiyama, has died happier be-

cause of the compassionate services of the Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters.

Additional to the work required by school and church are the social groups in which the Sisters must fill the roles of interested and sympathetic moderators. The Japanese evince a fondness for group activity; hence the Los Angeles Mission has its Parent-Teacher Association, Men's and Women's clubs and sodalities, Alumni Association, dramatic clubs, and the finest Boy and Girl Scout Troops in the country.

The work of Maryknoll among the Japanese in both Seattle and Los Angeles presents a problem unfronted by missionaries who labor in the Orient; namely, the orientation of American-born Japanese. From those men and women who left Japan within the last twenty or thirty years, has sprung a



In Seattle, the Maryknoll Sisters conduct a Grammar School as well as a Day Nursery for Japanese children.

**"OUR KATERI," A STORIED BIOGRAPHY BY A MARYKNOLL SISTER,**



The June 1937 graduation class of St. Francis Xavier's School for Japanese in Los Angeles.

race of children known as *Nisei* which translated literally means "second generation." Born of parents who for the most part are thoroughly Japanese as to tradition and custom, these *Nisei* present—especially in latent adolescence—a curious problem. Chafing under the restrictive prohibitions of their ancestors, and longing for an often misinterpreted freedom engendered by their American birthright, they are frequently a source of misunderstanding to both Japanese and Americans. The *Nisei* young man or woman needs at all times, but especially when trying to earn a living often against tremendous odds, sympathetic and intelligent guidance. With this realization in mind, the Sisters hope as soon as finances permit to establish headquarters similar to a boarding home where these young Japanese-Americans may find the assistance and protection which will guarantee them a haven in an often scornful world.

Warm winds scented by citrus groves blow about Maryknoll in Monrovia, where the Sisters conduct a tuberculosis sanatorium for members of the Japanese and other races. Inability to withstand certain physical hardships, plus depleted diets and often poor living conditions, make the Japanese fall easy prey to the so-called *white plague*.

There are some who may criticize the activities of the Maryknoll Sisters in behalf of an alien race, when, as they

claim, so much remains to be done among our own people. However, until time is no more, all countries and all races will have claims for assistance.

## The SPIRIT of ST. THÉRÈSE



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the INTEREST  
the SOUL-BENEFIT

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MARYKNOLL CLOISTER  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

One must not overlook the fact that apart from serving their God by manifesting Him to the Orientals in our land, the Maryknoll Sisters also render a great service to their country by establishing interracial understanding and by training good citizens among a people who even the prejudiced admit are thrifty and law-abiding.

—S. M. I.

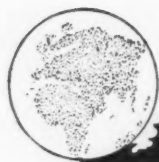
### **Maryknoll Sisters—**

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 481 professed Sisters, 54 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 234 Sisters in overseas mission work, 42 are working among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

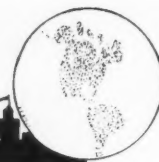
#### **Central Addresses—**

Motherhouse and administration: Maryknoll, N. Y.  
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.  
Shanghai, China: Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.  
Manchukuo: Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.  
Korea: 257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.  
Japan: 901 Tsukimizaka, Matsumoto, Otsu, Japan.  
Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila.  
Hawaii: 1722 Dole St., Honolulu.

**SELLS AT MARYKNOLL FOR \$1.65, POSTPAID.**



## Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



### Mission Books

**A Yankee Xavier.** By Neil Boyton. New York: Macmillan. \$1.50.

In one of the last paragraphs of this biography of Harry McGlinchey, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, Father Neil Boyton states why this particular missionary has a claim on the interest of young Americans:

"There is something typical of the lads of our land in this story of Harry McGlinchey. He was one hundred per cent American and one hundred per cent Catholic, and on those desirable foundations he built high. There came one day to his hand the opportunity to prove his love and he went to his 'over there.' He met new difficulties and he faced them squarely, as squarely as other men of his years and his day at Château Thierry or Belleau Wood. He likewise finished his battle, when he thought he was beginning it."

Harry McGlinchey, while yet a scholastic, was assigned to India. Father Boyton knew him there; thus he is able

### MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your mission promotion problems.*

1. **Literature Section—** offers Mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—** provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

to recount his experiences and describe his work from first-hand knowledge. The picture of India here presented is

fascinating.

Harry McGlinchey can claim one distinction. He was "the first American Jesuit who redeemed his love for India's sons by the sacrifice of his young and promising life."

Some Maryknollers have visited Harry McGlinchey's grave at Karachi. Many of us have the privilege of knowing his brother, Monsignor Joseph McGlinchey of Boston, long a generous helper of Maryknoll and the missions as Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The author needs no introduction; a dozen or more of his books have been favored for years with the patronage of growing boys.

—M.C.

**Annali Lateranensi, Vol. I.** Città del Vaticano, 1937.

Another scholarly publication comes out of Rome. December 21, 1937 was the tenth anniversary of the inaugura-

### The Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin

Date .....

The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send me a sample copy of the

Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin .....; a Maryknoll Pioneer Enrollment Card .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

THE Maryknoll Pioneers, established last fall and still in the process of organizing, now have their own Bulletin. The first issue appeared in January. The Bulletin will be issued at regular intervals and will be forwarded to each member of the Maryknoll Pioneers, our missionary Catholic Action project for young men and young women.

The purpose of the Bulletin is threefold:

1. To provide a distinctive organ for the benefit of Maryknoll Pioneers, which will keep all in touch with things Maryknoll and Pioneer.
2. To furnish a medium for interchange of ideas among members.
3. To give young persons not members an insight into our organization.

These last mentioned, we invite to fill out the coupon.

MISSION BOOKS ARE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN MISSION



tion of the Lateran Missionary-Ethnological Museum. To mark the occasion, the Museum authorities launched an annual which is to consist of a combination of scientific studies, principally on the spiritual culture of the peoples among whom Catholic missionaries labor, and a record of the Museum collections.

This first volume contains seven studies besides extremely interesting records of the Museum. The objects in its 26 great halls and five galleries now number some 50,000, all carefully ordered. One is struck with the large number of pieces which have reached the Museum through the Pope; evidently every gift of missionary or cultural value received by His Holiness from any part of the world is assigned by him to the Lateran Museum.

—J.J.C.

**The Children's Saint, the Story of Saint Madeleine Sophie.** By Maud Monahan. Illustrations by Robin; transcribed by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. London; New York: Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd. 1926. \$1.40.

If its first spring has faded by reason of twelve years passing, we trust this unique little volume will see a *second spring* even now. The story itself, in that simple, straightforward, wholly literary style characteristic of Maud Monahan, clamors for repetition; the illustrations by Robin echo such a clamoring; and the distinguished transcription absolutely demands it. So, let there be a *second spring*, by all means.

This tale of *The Children's Saint* is a quite animated echo of the life of a quite charming person—the kind of person whom children idolize and dumb animals would doggedly follow across the face of the earth. Little things and mute things clung to St. Madeleine Sophie, no doubt because she being so greatly humble embraced their least significance. And because she thus appreciated them, children will still appreciate her sincere grace. St. Madeleine Sophie is one of those rare universal persons, the power of whose life work even now extends throughout the world, by reason of the truly apostolic community she founded—this, the intrepid missionary community of the Religious of the Sacred Heart whose members are other Madeleine Sophies

## Plays For March

**Moonlight in Mallow**—An easily staged modern Irish play with a list of Irish musical selections.

Three copies for \$1.00

**The Little Family Across the Road**—A Passion Play which has met with sympathetic enthusiasm from audiences of all denominations. Staging may be elaborate or simple. The *Christus* does not appear but His Presence is indicated. A supplement of suggested choral music is given with each copy of the play.

Two copies for \$1.00

**Go to Joseph**—Based on an old tradition, this play gives a faithful portrayal of Christ's beloved foster-father.

Four copies for \$1.00

The Maryknoll Play Library  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

in every land.

Something would be lost in the telling or the reading of such a life, unless someone like Robin is present to show just how delightful, how human, and how lovingly kind a real saint can be. The book is sealed with the same mark of patient, beautifully executed workmanship which wrought its art in older volumes transcribed by the medieval predecessors of Stanbrook's Benedictines: it is a miniature education in literature and art for even small children.

—M.F.

**Fifty-Six Years a Missionary in China. The life of Mother St. Dominic, Helper of the Holy Souls.** London: Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd.

In the preface, Archbishop Goodier, S.J., writes: "The Mission of Zi-ka-wei is today one of the most glorious spots among all the Church's foreign missions. . ."

Zi-ka-wei is located only five miles from the Shanghai water front, and it

**GOD'S work is done through human agencies, and much is left unaccomplished when we fail to act.**

is remarkable that the Sino-Japanese war has not since razed it to the ground. The mission at Zi-ka-wei includes the Cathedral, the Observatory, the College, the Seminaries and residences of the Jesuits. The Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, Senmou-ieu, is located on the other side of the canal and includes fourteen large buildings. The development of the latter was in great part the work of Mother St. Dominic who spent fifty-six years there.

Mother St. Dominic was a great and valiant woman, a gifted organizer and a born leader who captivated all by her exquisite courtesy. Her great achievements as a China missionary make this biography an important one for students of missiology, although the major portion of the work deals with her spiritual development rather than with her mission endeavors.

The author, whose name is not given, lived in China with Mother St. Dominic for many years. She has shown us what the inspiration of a single woman can accomplish for the Church. It should be a challenge to other girls.

—M.C.

**Could You Explain Catholic Practices?** By Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S.J. New York: Apostleship of Prayer Press. Twenty-five cents.

Catholics do much talking and writing about sweeping the world with a campaign for Christ. The high-power propaganda of the enemy and their remarkable leadership and success have urged most Catholics to take stock of the part they are—or are not—playing in the struggle between Christianity and Communism. The responsibility rests with each individual.

Become a missionary in your own circle of friends, and then reach out as far as your generosity will stretch.

To become a high-power propagandist for Christ and His Church, you must have more than a casual knowledge of Catholic doctrine and practices. You must be able to answer questions, objections, and attacks. Here is a little book that will give you a ready answer. Four pages of cross references to the seventy general headings make the use of the book simple and satisfactory. The explanations are concise but ample.

—M.C.

**EDUCATION. CHOOSE A MISSION BOOK OF THE MONTH.**

# MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



THE EIGHTH  
STATION

From a painting  
by the artist,  
Luke Ch'en.

During the Passion of Our Lord, the Women of Jerusalem sought to console Him in His sorrow and suffering. No doubt, their children accompanying them also longed to help this poor Man. Modern children feel the same pity in their hearts; many of them as Maryknoll Juniors have discovered the secret of consoling Jesus Christ—bringing pagan souls to Him. If YOU wish to do likewise, fill out the blank below.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Father Chin, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Dear Father,

Please enroll me as a Maryknoll Junior. I wish to bring pagan souls to Our Lord by my prayers and sacrifices.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



### Novena of Grace

March 4—St. Francis Xavier—March 12

THIS annual novena is an occasion for Maryknollers to show their gratitude to friends and benefactors. Novena Masses will be offered by 221 Maryknoll priests. All Maryknollers, numbering 1,117, will remember your intentions in their Masses and rosaries. See page 73 for novena prayer.

Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please include in the Novena of Grace the intentions checked.

- |                                       |  |   |
|---------------------------------------|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thanksgiving | <input type="checkbox"/> Health          | <input type="checkbox"/> Work           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conversion   | <input type="checkbox"/> Vocation        | <input type="checkbox"/> Happy Death    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Poor Souls   | <input type="checkbox"/> Spiritual Favor | <input type="checkbox"/> Temporal Favor |

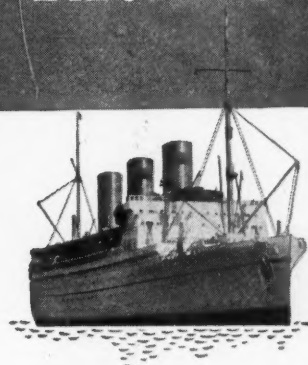
My Name .....

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.....

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**S**UPPORT a Missioner that he may bring Christ—through charity—to the fields afar. One dollar will provide for him for one day. Will you take care of 30, 20, 10, 5, or of even one day this month? See page 89.



